

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

OCT.
10¢
NO. 48



AN ACTION-PACKED WESTERN NOVELETTE:
THE STALLION OF SUNRISE MOUNTAINS!

HOPALONG CASSIDY RETURNS TO TWIN RIVER AFTER A FEW DAYS' VISIT WITH A LONG-TIME FRIEND IN CACTUS JUNCTION.

MIGHTY HARD ON THE FOOT, BUT PRETTY COUNTRY, THIS SOUTHER MOUNTAIN REGION, ISN'T IT, TOPPER?

I RECKON HE'LL HAVE TO COME OVER THIS WAY AGAIN SOMETIME! I SURE DO LIKE THE SCENERY!







I WISH YOU'D
RIDE DOWN TO
THE RANCH
WITH ME,
HORNBLOND!
I KNOW YOU
WOULD LIKE
TO THANK ME,
TWO, FOR
SAVING MY
LIFE!

ALL RIGHT, JANET!
RIDE ON THE WAY.
YOU CAN TELL ME
WHAT YOU WERE
THINKING TO DO
A WILD STALLION
BROKE -
HANDLED

AND MINUTES LATER, ON THE
TRAIL, OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS

YOU SAY YOU
WERE TRYING
TO CRICK THE
STALLION BECAUSE
YOUR DAD AND
THE OTHER
RANCHERS OF
THE VALLEY
DELIBERATELY
NEED WHAT

THE
RANCHERS OF
SUNSHINE VALLEY
MADE THEIR
LIVING RAISING
AND BREEDING
BETTER HORSES
WHICH THEY SHIP EAST!
BUT RECENTLY AN
EPIDEMIC HIT
EVERY RANCH

IT WIPED OUT PRACTI-
CALLY EVERYONE'S STOCK
ONLY THE NEW BLOOD
AND STRENGTH OF THAT
GREAT STALLION CAN
RENEW THE REMAIN-
ING STOCK AND SAVE US
AND THE OTHERS FROM
GOING OUT OF
BUSINESS!



BUT WHY ARE YOU
AND AGAIN, BUT
TRYING TO
CRICK THE
STALLION
ALONE?
WHY DON'T
THE
RANCHERS
TRY?

THEY HAVE, TIME
AND AGAIN, BUT
THEY'VE GIVEN
UP NOW! THEY'RE
COMING
THUNDERBOLDS,
THAT'S THE
NAME THEY'VE
GIVEN HIM,
LEADS A CHARGED
LIFE! HE CHARGES
EVERYONE
TRYING TO
CRICK HIM!



DAD AND SOME OTHERS
WERE HURT BY A SUDDEN
ROCK FALL! ANOTHER TIME,
TWO MEN FLUNG OVER
THE CLIFFS! WHEN
THEIR STALLIONS BROKE
AS THEY ROSE UP
AFTER THUNDERBOLDS!



THAT'S RIGHT
STRANDS, ALL
RIGHT! HOWEVER,
I JUST DON'T
BELIEVE IN JAMES
BY WILD
STALLIONS!

WELL, THE
RANCHERS DO!
THAT'S WHY I
WAS TRYING
TO CRICK
HIM MYSELF!
THERE'S NO PLACE
FOR HIM!
LET'S HURRY
ON!

BUT AT THE RANCH HORNBLOND FINDS A
CROWD OF RANCHERS GATHERED.....



I'M GREATLY INDEBTED TO
YOU FOR HELPING JANET,
HORNBLOND! I TOLD HER
TO STAY AWAY FROM
THUNDERBOLDS!

JANET TOLD ME NOW
YOU ALL THINK HE'S
IMPOSSIBLE TO CRICK,
THAT HE'S GOTTEN A
NAME OVER ALL WHO
GO AFTER HIM!



WE DON'T
HAVE TO
TALK
FARTHER—
WE KNOW
HE'S HERE
US!

BECAUSE SOME OF MY BROTHERS
BORN ARE A LITTLE SHORT-
TEMPERED, HORNBLOND! YOU
CAN'T BLAME THEM! THE
RANCHERS IS IT ABOUT
SELLING OUR PLACES AND
PULLING UP
A LAMENESS
STANDS!





HOPALONG CASSIDY











WE SHOULD START BACK, ISABEL! A DOCTOR SHOULD TEND TO THAT BURN!

BACK NOW! WE'LL RIDE BACK SURELY!

I'LL WARE IT ALL RIGHT, HORALONG!



HORALONG, LOOK--! THERE HE IS, THUNDERCLOUD! WAGNER THAT GUN OF HIS IS REALLY TRUE, AFTER ALL, I WOULD NO LONGER SUPPOSED TO EVER LOSE HIM!

MA'VEE MA'VEE!



BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE RANCH! CLARK, WE'LL PICK UP THE PACK WAGON SOMEBODY DOWN THE TRAIL!



I DON'T EXPECT TO SEE MR. CARTER ABOUT YOUR BROTHER'S LEGS OF LAMB BEING! WHY YOU ARE JUST ARRIVING, WILL THE JACK BRACKER REMIND YOU THAT I WOULD!



YOU WERE RIGHT, JESSE! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR US TO DO BUT GO TO THAT CUSTERMAN. I'LL BRING A SILENT OATH TO YOU!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! I'LL TELL THE OTHERS AND WE CAN ALL SEND OUR DEER OFF TO HIM SOMEBODY! I'VE GOT HANDS ALL FINISHED!



I CAN ONLY THANK YOU FOR TRYING, HORALONG, AND FOR SAYING JESSE AGAIN!

I'M SORRY WE DIDN'T BRING BACK THUNDERCLOUD! MR. CARTER TELL ME WHAT AGAIN--GOOD LUCK!



13 BUT AS HORALONG PREPARED TO LEAVE...

HIDDEN? VIRT WAS VERY CONVENIENTLY THERE, AS IF HE KNEW HE'D BE RETURNING EMPTY-HANDED!



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"ROCKY" LANE'S
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malted milk...

"ROCKY" LANE
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CARNATION

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Chocolate and Natural
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FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM
FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM





HOPALONG CASSIDY

A SHORT WAY ON, HOPALONG DOES A LITTLE CLEARING, AND... THERE HE IS... AND HODGENS IS AFTER HIM 'COUSE ON TOPPER--WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME ROPING OURSELVES!



MINUTES LATER... JUST LET ME GET CLOSE TO YOU, YOU WILD--HEY!



SURPRISED, HODGENS? I FIGURED YOU WOULD BE? **CASSIDY!** BUT I THOUGHT--



THIS TIME I'LL KICK YOU FOR GOOD!



BLIND AGAIN, Hodgens!



THIS'LL STOP YOU, CASSIDY!



AND HERE'S ANOTHER FOR GOOD MEASURE!



NOW I'LL GET RID OF YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!



HE'S GOT THE DROP ON ME... THAT KICK KNOCKED ME DIZZY! BUT I--(GASP)--THE HOT ONE CHARGE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY





Whitey Whiskers

THE FISHING FOOL!

(GASP) THE FISH ARE DYING FOR THE RASPBERRIES!

SPLASH!

SPLASH!

SPLASH!









APACHE FRONTIER

A True Western Feature

By FARRIS WEDDLE



THE stagecoach, drawn by four horses, careened down the ribbon road that twisted across the desert. Clouds of dust streamed into the air behind the stage, but the dust did not obscure the lute riders that were bearing down on the stage. Apache warriors!

Flying his whip with desperation, the driver glanced over his shoulder. The heavy rifle in the stage guard's hands lowered! A feathered brave toppled into the dust. But the others came on.

"It's no use, Jim!" the driver shouted. "We're gone!"

His words trailed off. The heavy reins fell from suddenly lifeless hands as he pitched over the side, a bullet in his chest! The guard tried to grab the reins, seeing the Apaches swarming in from all sides, hearing their shrill whoops. He fired one last desperate shot before a bullet struck.

Soon all was quiet in the desert. The dust settled slowly, peacefully, but the smoke from the burning stage rose in thin spirals. Once again the followers of Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, had been victorious!

The big man sat at his desk, his fingers drumming on the desk top, a frown between his blue eyes. He ran his hands up his red beard and through his bright red, bushy hair. He turned and spoke to the man who sat intently watching him.

"I'm going to see Cochise!"

The other gasped, his eyes widening. "You're crazy Tom Jaffords! You go see that Indian's camp and he'll have your scalp hanging from his belt within five minutes!"

Tom Jaffords grinned. "Maybe. Maybe not. I must try it!" He poked the table. "Do you realize that Cochise's warriors are killing off our drivers and guards faster than we can get them? If I can't persuade Cochise to stop this massacre there won't be any more mail service between Davis and Tucson."

Jaffords' friends knew there was no use arguing with the adamant and experienced. And if anyone could reach Cochise, Jaffords was the man, for the railroad trusted him.

As he rode, alone, toward the dark bulk of

the Graham Mountains, where he knew the powerful Apache Chief had his summer camp, Jaffords felt uneasy; perhaps, he felt some fear. No white man had ever dared go into Cochise's country before.

The day was quiet and beautiful, he thought. Then he squinted his eyes against the sun. There in the blue distance spirals of smoke moved lazily upward. Apache smoke signals! They had discovered that a white man rode, alone, into Apache country!

Unhesitating and unharmed, he went on, passing from the desert into low foothills that were covered with scrubby pine and cedar. He could not turn back. He must make peace with Cochise so that the Arizona Territory could keep its young men alive, so that the frontier country could grow.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, an Indian scout stopped out to block Jaffords' passage. The Indian's dark face was calm as he pointed a new rifle at the white man.

"Where do you ride, Red Whiskers?" he asked in Spanish.

"To the camp of your great Chief, Cochise," Jaffords answered slowly, without fear. "I come to smoke the pipe of peace."

"I know of you," the scout replied. "But many white men have talked of peace with crooked tongues."

"Have I ever had to you?" Jaffords demanded.

The Indian shook his head. "I will signal the next guard to let Red Whiskers pass unharmed."

Tom Jaffords rode on, and ahead of him the smoke signals spiraled upward, warning the Indian scouts and Cochise.

Jaffords felt his hair, pushing back his big shoulders. He grinned, and spoke aloud. "If I get out of this alive, I must have the luck of forty Irishmen."

Toward nightfall, in the high, timbered country, he entered Cochise's encampment. It was an orderly camp. And none of the braves, old men, women and children showed surprise. The smoke signals had told them that Red Whiskers was coming.

Jaffords dismounted unharmedly and handed his rifle, pistol and knife to an old squaw whose dark eyes were filled with hatred. His

walked toward the largest tepee in the center of the camp, and out of the corner of his eyes, he saw the braves finger the knives they wore.

As he stepped to enter the low flap of the tepee, he felt a tremor of fear. Cochise sat crosslegged, near a small fire. He did not look up as the white man entered. Jeffords had met the Chief and talked with him before, but Cochise had been on white man's territory.

He sat down, and silently, studied the dark, intelligent face without appearing to do so. He was remembering that not long ago Cochise had been friendly with the white invaders. This was before 1880 when Cochise's tribesmen heated wood for the Overland Stage Company and had grown to like and trust Captain Jeffords.

Then it happened! A greenhorn Army Lieutenant arrested Cochise and four of his followers for a crime they did not commit.

"Turn Cochise loose or we will have all the Indians on the warpath," Jeffords had begged the Army officer.

The Lieutenant refused. Later, Cochise managed to escape and took with him two prospectors to notify the Army for his fear men. The officer would not trade. The Indian Agent went to talk to Cochise and was held prisoner. In trying to escape the Agent was killed. And in a fit of rage, the Army officer hanged the four Indians. Cochise hanged the two prospectors and the Indian war was on!

"Never again will the Apaches try to live in peace with the white man," the Apache Chief vowed with terrible anger.

A sigh of despair almost escaped Jeffords, now. Slowly, he spoke. "I came to talk of peace, Cochise."

Silently, Cochise passed the long peace pipe to the white man. A half-smile moved his tight pressed lips.

"You are a brave man and a foolish one to come here," he said in Spanish.

"I had hoped you would remember that I speak with a straight tongue—that I have wanted to keep peace." He puffed the pipe. "Now, I speak for myself, though it is selfish. I want to run my trade in peace."

Cochise said nothing for a long time. When a square came in, he told her to bring food and drink. Then the white man and the redman ate and drank together as they talked. Once again Jeffords was amazed at the vast knowledge and wisdom of the Indian leader. Had he been born of different skin, he would have been a great leader in our country.

At last Cochise spoke the words that brought joy into Jeffords' eyes. "You have my promise that never again will my braves harm your wagonmen."

ships in the old West. In the years that followed, Jeffords often visited Cochise. And in time, the white man became the blood-brother of the Indian Chief. It was an honor that few white men achieved.

All across Arizona Territory, the Apaches killed and raided. But Jeffords' stages went through, unhindered. One day a high-ranking Army official came to see Jeffords.

"You must help us," the officer begged. "If we don't stop Cochise, soon Arizona will have no people left—except these redskins! You're a friend of Cochise. Help us take him captive. Maybe we can force him to stop this stupid war."

Jeffords paled with anger. "Cochise is your enemy because of the stupidity of one officer! Do you think I would help you make another stupid mistake?"

He talked to Cochise about it, and he watched the deep sadness on the dark face, and heard the sadness in his voice.

"The Apaches have lost against the invasion of the white man," Cochise murmured. "But my people would rather die than become slaves of the white race."

The Indian wars raged on. Jeffords knew that the Army officer was right—that soon there would be no whites left in Arizona Territory. He must do something! But he would not betray Cochise.

It was Jeffords, finally, who brought about peace between the white man and the Chinichu Apaches. He took General Howard, alone, and managed to talk peace. Cochise and his tribe agreed to settle on a reservation provided that Jeffords was appointed Indian Agent.

Jeffords accepted the job because it would be the one sure way in seeing that the Indians were treated fairly. Peace reigned for a time. Other Apache Chiefs made futile wars here, but Cochise and his tribe kept their word.

In later years, Cochise was afflicted with a strange disease that baffled doctors. One night he sent for his friend and bloodbrother, Tom Jeffords.

"I am going to die, my friend," he said. "I do not regret it, except for my people. Promise me that you will look after them."

He went to the nearest Army post for a doctor, but it was too late—Cochise died at sunrise the next day.

Somewhere on the western slopes of his stronghold in the Chinichu, Cochise was buried in an unmarked grave. No white man, except Jeffords, ever knew the site of the grave. And he never would tell anyone. His friend must rest in the peace that only death could bring.

Thus was begun one of the strongest friend-

THE END

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1000, 1000, 1000
 LITTLE ARROW
 BUILT LIKE FOX /
 MY JIFFY BOYS ARE
 AND MAKE DOLLAR
 TIME ON JOB, NOW
 BATTLE OF WITS
 GET CHOICE
 BUT ?



3 HOURS AFTER-

Galaxy 104. Below: Art Finkler, the
owner, will show art donors what
they will have.

ALL ABOUT THE
HARVESTING AND
STORAGE



LEAVE THOSE OLD WITH MAX, BO
BORN! YOU ARE GET WHIPPED!
THAT'S WHY MY MOTHER
SHE SAYS YOU LIKE LITTLE
ARROW! YOU LUCKY ME
HOLD ON, / SING
1979 10 1



AND WHEN THEY REACH THE BOOTMAKER'S SHOP...

THINK AND THE BIRTH: YOU CAN GET FORTUNE
THINK: IT'S BACK LATER FOR BIRTH
TO GET YOUR BIRTH BIRTH.

Abstract







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MAKER
with
STAMP
10¢**

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that's just what
you need. It's the
famous Red Ryder
Congoy Carbine. It's
the best BB gun
you can buy. It's the
only one that's been
around for over 20
years. It's the only one
that's been around for
over 20 years.



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